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clothes to get white.

THE BURDEN OF AGE. "Ah, how the years exile us toto dreams!"-

There is a dancing in the morning beams.
There is a rainbow sown smid the dew,
There is a glint of gold shot through the sands,
A molten sapphire in the mountains' hue,
And Hope down comes with all her singing

bands, Nay, nay, it is not so; 'twas long ago! There were a dancing in the morning beams." "Ah, how the years extle us into dreams!" There is a glamour in the meen's white gleams, There is the touch that charmed Endymion's

oyes, A spirit mounting from the clod and stone, A spirit bending from the bending skies—
And Love in midst of all sets up his throne!
Nay, nay, it is not se; 'twas long ago!
There sets a glamour in the moon's white gleams:
"Ah. how the years exile us into dreams!"

There is a wonder light on woodland streams.

A murmur is the green o'erhanging boughs.

A rustle in the fronded ranks of fern—
And, to! the Muse with rapt enwreathed brows.

And eyes that seen and unseen things discern!

Nay, nay, it is not so: 'twas long ago!

There was a wonder light on woodland streams. There was a wonder light on woodland streams

deems— Light to dead eyes and speech to lips all dumb Brings back—brings us and ours from banishso may our dreams a living joy become: But here all things that are, with doubt are blent, Within the mists that blow from long ago! Some other world, not this, our loss redeems:

-Edith M. Thomas, in Century Magazine.

Some other world, perchance, our loss re-

WHERE IS GEORGIETTA?

Ab, how the years exile us into dreams!

A Query Left Over from Days Before the War. UNT ELLEN



came to talk with me about the old times before the war. She had hesitatdaughter of a family in which she had worked off and on for years, and to whom she was much attached, had asked her

to make the visit, and had emphatically declared she wasn't coming to have that Boston lady make a monkey of her. But having been assured that nothing of the sort was intended, she consented, and one forenoon in she came, as neat as possible in a tidy light print dress, with a fresh muslin handerchief crossed on her breast. During our talk she told me that she usually wore a bandana Patents, Caveats, and all business arising bandkerchief on her head, but had left it off that day on account of the extreme heat. I hoped to hear from her much of the customs and traditions of her people, but before we were launched into such lore she told me a story out of her own simple life, the life for many years of a slave mother, afterward of a hard laboring woman whose character for honesty and indusstence it would be called, I suppose, and yet this chapter which she narrated contains a tragedy that, had "little Georgietta" been a princess,

would have made a thrilling folk-tale. Aunt Ellen is a tall, massive mulatto woman, very advanced in years, though neither she nor anyone knows her exact age. She sat with folded hands, scarcely moving as she talked, save that now and then she made a slight gesture of the head, but before this bit from her early life was half told slow tears rap down her brown cheeks, and no listener could with dry eyes hear her quiet, unimpassioned narration of the sorrow ful story of how she lost her little

"Ye wants ter heah about the ole times, Miss Sally tells me. S'pose ye means the times 'foh the war, ma'am. Wa'al, I ken tell ye a neap about the ole times yere, fer I aliuz lived right yere. Lived yere ever sence I wuz born. Ye asks me ef I think de colored people is better off no w'n they wuz in the slavery times. Wa'al, in my 'pinion some of 'em is and some of 'em ain't. I mean ter say some of 'em in the ole times didn' have so hard a time's they hev sence 'n had more to eat an' drink 'n they do sence they's free-but ma'am" (bere a dramatic pause and a dignified, sareastic smile over the possibility of such a question)-"we is free now an' that's a great thing. I b'lieve everybody wants his freedom. wuz a slave until we wuz all set free But I didn' have so bad a time's a great many of de slaves did. Fact, most uv us yere on de east'un sho' wuz well off

way off in the south.

frum me." How many children had you?" tell ye how many head o' chil'un I hed. But of ye ken count, I ken tell ye the names of every one of 'em. I never fergits their names, not one of 'em. You count now 'n I'll say 'em over. First there wuz Hamilton an' then there wuz George Washington an' then Samuel-Sam we always called him-but he died-an' then by 'n by there wuz another boy 'n then we called him Sam

July an' Violet'-

he wuzn' sech a bad man. He wuz a rich man an' some said ruther a hard man, but he wuz sort o' jolly an' freespoken-like. They useter call him Ole Hickory Dickory! He wuz alluz a-ridin' abaout the kentry—fer he owned a seap o' lan' along the eastun sho' an' rode all abaout the kentry ter look after things. Folks said that he owned so many slaves he didn't know his own niggals! They useter tell haow when he wanted to light fum his hoss ter oversee some piece uv work, he'd call to some boy or man: 'Come yere, boy, 'n hol' my hoss!' Then he'd say: 'Whose penny bit, and he would haw-haw and

everything was left in ole mistus fer a woman, but thet wuzn't allays jest as ole massa, her husband, had

time. I'll tell ye pres'n'ly haow she come ter my little cabin ter tell me when we wuz all set free, by the-proclamation-'v-emancipation. Ye' see after I wuz grown up'n married ter Uncle Horace (that's my husband) didn't live in ole mistus noise. tell ye as my husban' wuz a free man-fum befoh we wuz married? Wa'al, he'd bought his own freedom, me'an, and wez his own mainster. Sometimes ole mistus hired me out to cook at the hotel—fer cookin' wuz my work. That's what my ole mother larn'd me to do, fur back as I ken remember. They counted me a fustrate cook, too. in those days, ma'am, 'a I cooked i heap at the hotel, though we most ginerly said tavern then. I'd go and work all day 't the tavern 'n at night go home ter the cabin where we lived, Horace an' me an' the chil'un-but further on, jest befoh the wah, Horace nostly hired me to keep house fer him an' paid ole mistus jes' same 's any-body. Mos' all de time 'v the wah I wuz bired this yer way by my husband. He wuz a smart man in dose days 'n could do a sight uv work 'n could

"Wa'al, de wah went on 'n on, an' we beard a heap er talk 'baout freein' uv the slaves an' some said 't was a-comin' sho' an' some said they guess we'd wait awhile 'foah that day come. But at las' we all knew for sho' an' sartain that we wuz free, sho 'nuff.'n everybody wuz a talkin 'n a talkin', 'n a wor derin' what 'd come nex. Den my ple mistus she come to tell me I wuz free. But o' co'se I hed heard a day or two afoh abaout the proclamation-ofemancipation." (This last phrase pronounced very slowly, but correctly, and with the least perceptible straightening of her person and lifting of her

"Wa'al, in comes Mistus Tisdale, alookin' purty black an' sour-like. I nevah let on, but I knowed her arrant mighty well. I jes' dusted a cheer an' placed it fer her, an' axed her to sit laown."

"That was very kind and polite of ou, Aunt Ellen." "Oh, I know what's manners, ma'am. doan' know how to read, 'n I doan' know how to write, not even my own name, but, madam, I knowed what wuz belongin' to me in my own house."

impressive.) wuz the law. De law bli thet they wuz free, 'n' I s'pose she thought ef she didn' tell me 'n' all uv us the law would git hot uv her. Fer ye could see she didn' relish comin' an' tellin' me any too well. Then she sez-



cookin'. Yo' know, mistus, I larned cookin' when I wuz a little gai, 'n' l

thet's 'baout all I do know.' "Ole mistus she didn' say much mo", o' cross-like. Ye remember my hus band bired me uv mistus to keep house fer him. So every month, at the end uv the month, I took my wages ter Mis Tisdale. When we got our freedom 'twuz a little ways in the month; so Horace didn' owe her much, but we cal a lated jes' what it would be any way, 'n I tied the change up in a cor ner av my handkerchief 'n went up't de house with it jes' th' same us usual to give it to de mistus, but I didn't think as she would take it, seein as 'two so little. But, of you'll it, she took it without so much as givin me back a lip! Yes, ma'am, she did,

sure 'al a't here an' tell ye.
"Thi 'Bout little Georgietta, you wants to know. Wa'al-she wa'n't youngest chile-ez I tole ye, tha'h wuz a good many younger 'n she waz, but when she wuz sole she wuz jes' a little toddlin' girl-may be three years ole. I wuz a-cookin' at the tavern then an with me daytimes an' she'd play roun "You axed about my mahster. Wa'al, in de kitchen all day. Sometimes she'd purl up in one corner an' go fas' asleep

Miss Georgietta wuz in de hall awaitin' fur ter see me. Miss Georgietta wur my young mistus, an' she wuz allus so pleasant-spoken an' kind-like thet we ail thought a heap o' her. I hurried right out ter de hall an' thar she stood, an' she sez: 'Elien, ma sez ye' mus' git Georgietta ready t' go back with brother day after to-morrow.' Her brother wuz th' o dest chile uv my ole mistus, an' he wuz marriel an' lived boy are ye? Then, like 's not, the nig-ger'd say: 'Yours, Mahs Tisdale,' an' uv my girls, Sally, lived with him-wuz then ole massa would throw him a fip-nuss to his chil'un. My Sally wuz much way off somewheres in Georgy ez fifteen years ole by this time, an' hed would all de col'ud folks that wux a ben off thar with Mas' John a long standin' about, because Maha Tisdale time. 'n I wugn't afeard uv their fidn't know his own niggaha! Wa'al, sellin' her, but I knew weil enough birneby ele Maha Tisdale, he died, 'n thet my little Georgietta could n' be ave any use to em, n i fest sure rum ue

"I jes' begun to cry an' I sez: 'Miss Georgietta, does your ma want fur to



"DOES YOUR MA WANT TO KILL ME?" when I haven't a thing to get her ready with? But Miss Georgietta said: 'Well, Ellen, you know I can't help it, and I don't know as Georgietta's to be sole, but ma said you must sure her her ready to go back when brother goes

"Wa'al, I went back to my cookin', but I tell you 't wuz a mighty hard day on me, 'n I wuz a-thinkin' all de time absont what I could do, but when night come 'n I went home I wuz no better off. I knowed when ole mistus said that Georgietta must go she must go, so I went to work, best I could, to wash 'n iron her little clothes. Thar wuz few enough of 'em anyway, but I knew she must be clean. Georgietta, she didn't know anything about it, 'n she wuz all the time a-lookin' at me un' a-wonderin' what I wuz so sober

but the second day after I got the word to get the chile ready, ole mistus sent after her and she had to go. An' thet allus 'spected she wuz sole. Fur awhile her and wanted to know of she wa'n't ever a-comin' back to Maryland, they put me off and made believe she would lieve 'em, au' we wuz right, you see, fer that wuz a long time befoh the war and fum that day til now we never heard one word about that chile. I don' even know of she is alive or of

she's dead. "Yes, I'd a heap more chil'un 'n a good many uv 'em growed up, an' some sætled right abaot here near me. but, ma'am, I can't tell you jes' haow 't is, but someway I've alluz tho't a heap abaot this one I los', my little Georgletta. Yes, I often talk 'bout her vit or sit wonderin' whar she is or what in

Poverty and Luxury. Little Girl-Was your folks poor when

you were a little girl? Grandma-We thought we were, my dear. We were pioneer farmers and lived in a log cabin, but it was large but we couldn't, and it made us feel very miserable to be so poor. These two things were salt mackerel and store

Little Girl-O-o-oh! Why, what did you have to cat, then? Grandma-Nothing but beef, mutton. chickens, venison, quail, squirrels, wild ducks, brook trout and such things, and as for molasses, we hadn't anything but maple sirup.—N. Y. World.

A Hero Wershiper. at once sent for her husband's slippers. His whilom landlady-fond, foolish woman!-sent one alipper, begging, at the same time, to keep the other as a

memento. - Pall Mall Budget. -Extract from a New Novel, - "Stand where you are, Reginald de Coursey Advance one step nearer and I will tell you what I saw at the world's fair!" "Foiled again!" hissed the villain, as he

faded from view .- Philadelphia Record. What He Wanted. "I tell you, Parker, money is scarce." "Don't 'get scared. I'm not going to

Tommy (taking a big bite of apple pie)

Mamma, cook and I have been arguin'. She says the middle part of the pie is the filling and I say it's all filling a

Mother (smiling)-Well, my boy,

ing. Which one is right?

recently.

should say you were both right.-Har per's Young People. A Sure Indication Grocer-Those new people on the hill must have come by their money very

Customer-What makes you think so

ing-house."-Puck. Labor. Regio-I heard paps say the other day that labor is sweet and noble. Mamma-So it is, Regie. Regie-Then, mamma, why does pape hire a man to cut the grass while he sits on the piazza and only looks on?-

Harper's Young People.

INCIDENTS IN A SLEEPER.

eompanion was in appearance a twin.
"Poahtah!" she said to the slim little

for the train to start. At the other end of the car sat a man with his eyes cov ered. From the likeness, evidently the girl with him was his sister. She held his right hand in both hers, and with his left he clutched her shoulder as if he could not let her go. The terror in his face, and the pity and love and grief in hers, would have made your heart stand still if you had seen the two. Finally she was obliged to leave, but first she spoke a few words to the conductor, and then went to a lady sit-

"Madam, my brother has had an ap popleptic stroke, and it has left him suddenly and totally blind. He is going to a specialist in Pennsylvania, and goes alone." Then, reading the thought of the

oman she was speaking to:
"Yes, it must be! It takes every cent we can get to send him as it is. He must

The blind man was by no means a weak-minded looking man. On the contrary he had a strong face, as had the girl. But as the train started he was sobbing like a baby. He said afterward, when made happy as possible by the attentions of passengers and car uployes, that it was perfect desolation that came upon him when he found himself left alone in the new, strange world of darkness that had overtaken him so suddenly. Weak and newly blind, and spending the last few dol-lars his family could get together. A long, lonely journey before him and little hope at the end!

You were in luck that day, slim little darky porter, what with the goodly fee you got in the front of the car, and the treasure in Heaven you laid up through your tender services to the sad man in the rear end .- Cincinnati Commercia

NOT SO MUCH CHANGE. Sleeves and Full Skirts Seem to H the Stile for Winter, Teo.

As far as they have been revealed to the general public, winter fashions are not, after all, to differ so very much from what we have been seeing and wearing for the past three month.
It is, of course, too early yet to nounce decidedly upon the fashion of silks and velvets to be worn during the coming season, but those who have seen the trousseaus of some of the autumn brides say that the fashions are fundamentally the same as they have been. Skirts are still very full and sharply

gored. Sleeves are more pronounced "gigots" than ever before, and so big at the top as to suggest the necessity for the buckram or feather undersieeves of helf a century ago. The fullness is only at the top, however, as they narrow down tight to the wrist and are finished by a plain deep cuff.
Shoulder trimmings are not as flar-

profusely used in trimmings is gath ered into rather stiff folds and is quite difficult to describe this trimming, which is somewhat of a novelty and must be seen to be understood. Those who have been present at the innumerable dinners and luncheons at Newport this summer say that hard

times and a tight money market not

To Wrap Shoes Inmeanest things to pack or wrap in paper, but the soft cotton wraps them

place gracefully. -Chicago Tribune. A Question of Economy. "It seems to me; Samantha." ob served Mr. Chugwater. "that when eggs are forty cents a dozen they're pretty expensive eating. That's the way it strikes me.'

close and the strings keep them in

by Aunt Rachel and didn't cost us a cent!"-Chicago Tribune. A Blunder of Counsel. Sunday School Teacher.-To what was the fate of Sapphira due? Son of Eminent Lawyer-To a violation of the principle of law which for-

her husband.-Washington. Unreasonable "Ah," said the professor, feeling the boy's head, "persevere, my son; there's room at the top." Then he wondered what the parents were mad about-

bids a woman to testify in behalf of

Mrs. Jhones-Ethel, you might tell me who the young man is that called Ethel (just seventeen)—Certainly, namma, if jou're curious about it; that's the young man I'm engaged to.

Large-Hearted Man from Jayville. "If you don't look out," said the excited stranger, catching the policeman at the crossing by the arm and jerking him toward the skiewalk. NO.BO

Jim Webster's Luck.

to Sam Johnsing.
"Certainly, Jim; Pse pleased to accommodate yer," said Sam, handing Jim a dollar. Jim was to surprised at his luck to getting the money that he bit the coin

treaming, and in doing so discovered that the dollar was made of lead "Dis heah is a counterfeit, Sam "I shall want constant atten- fidn't think you'd do me that way

> That Mysterious Lapguage. Guest-What is that pretty little octavo volume?

The German Linguist - That's a new edition of my rules of German gram-Guest-And what are all those quarto volumes near it? The German Linguist-Those are the exceptions to the rules. - Chicago Rec-

A Double Surprise. Bride (just after the wedding)-Fred, you promised to give me a grand Fred, you promised to give me a grand What surprise after we were married.

Bridegroom (who is a widower)-1 have six children, my pet-all boys. Bride-How delightful, dear! I have four daughters. Shan't we all be happy together, love?-Tid-Bits. It's Different Now.

Cholly-Have you seen Mabel since she came back to town? Chappie- iu-as. Cholly--How did she look? Chappie (sadly)-She didn't look.-Town Topics.

Father—Always keep the company of those who are better than yourself. Son—But suppose that kind of company has the same end in view, where am I going to come out?-N. Y. Press. Not So Badly Off. "Poor Timmle! Foive years in Sing Sing! I do feel shorry for him."

Likely to Get Left.

away. He's surrounded by frinds."-Brooklyn Life.

Bedad, an' yure shympathy's trowed



"Whenever I see you I must, invol-untarily almost, think of a famous

"Why, how flattering, professor! And who is this scholar?" "Darwin."-Fliegende Blactter. An Unkind Remark. "I want you to know I know all about legal conveyances," said one lawyer to

another during a dispute in Judge Cow ing's court.
"My impression is that the only legal conveyance you have ever been fa-miliar with was the Black Maria."-Texas Siftings.

Where She Failed.

"She married a man to reform him."

She-You mustn't try to kiss me at

intelligent girl, always at the head of anything till she married."
"And how did she fail then?"

-N. Y. Press.

the station, for there are so many people there. He (protestingly)—But everyone will think we are brother and sister. She-And we will be, too, if you attempt it. - Detroit Free Press. Love Up to Date.

Fair Warning.

Penelope—Ah! there is to be a clear-ing sale of English lords at Mrs. Van Millione's to-night. Her Mother-Indeed? We must drop around and see if we can find a bar gain.-Vogue. Well Turned. "I couldn't write a book as bad as

that of yours, Jarley," said Hicks.
"I believe you," returned Jarley,
"bad as it is!"—Truth. A Mathematical Proposition. "What are you cyphering?" said the fair typewriter to the bookkeeper. "I cypher you," was the reply. He got her.—Rochester Democrat and

Chroniele.

Dicker-Don't talk shop; let's speak of something pleasant. Ticker-What did your mother-in-law die of?-Brooklyn Life. Poor as a Church Mouse Jess-Jack told me last night that my face was my fortune.

Bess-How very unkind of him.-

A Really Pleasant Topic.

Brooklyn Life. Accomplishments. "I can dross myself!" bragged Willie.
"And I," said Bobbie, proudly, "I can
wipe my own nose!"—Brooklyn Life.

Tempora Mutantur In our grandmother's Lays women used to de-That they couldn't go out when they'd "nothing to wear;" But fashious have changed in the matter of ciothing.

And costumes de riqueur are now next to noth-Able to Keep a Secret.

Principal-I have to send you on a

Meier, can I rely upon you? Are you able to deep a secret? Clerk-Oh, certainly (whispering in principal's ear) I have been secretly engaged to your daughter for the last couple of years. - Forrpostes

he would. It couldn't have been oth-

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Manager.

to the colored folks that wuz slaves in de flo' 'n' put 'em on de low shelf whah Georgy an' Louisiany 'n other places all sech things wuz kep' in de ole "Did I have a good mahster? Wa'al, I s'spose I might say I did. As I tol' coolcin' when I wuz a little gai, 'n' I ye, ma'am, I didn' hev so bad a time— s'pose that'il still be my work, fur that is to say I never wuz whipped nor sol' away frum my husband and chil'un -but one of my chil'un was carried off | but went off right quick a lookin' sort "You had children, then, Aunt Ellen? "O, yes, ma'am. But I can't 'gacly

too. But there waz two girls between, And so on, name after name, with little incidents and bits of reminiscence of this and that child, until the aged woman had mentioned seventeen children. Several had died when young, others had grown up and now lived near her. One, her eldest sou, had creditably served on the union side during three years of the war. But of Georgictia, she wuz to young t'leave all her children the one of whom she at home, 'un I useter take her 'long talked most was little Georgietta.

ne afore her, 'n once 'n awile she'd

"Did you know your old mistress well, Aunt Ellen?"

"Ve co'se I knowed her, 'n she knowed me, 'n' ztalked ter me many a time. I'll tell ye grass' y'le knowed to the stalked to the stalked ter me many a time. I'll tell ye grass' y'le knowed to the stalked ter me many a time. I'll tell ye grass' y'le know ake

pay ole mistus a good price fer my

The dignity with which these last words were uttered, and the substitution of "madam" for the usual "ma'am." is utterly indescribable, but was most "Right away sez she: 'Eilen, I'm some to dell yo' that yore free.' Yo' see, she hed to come an' tell us, fer thet body who owned slaves to tell them

'An' naow ye've got ye're freedom, what ye goin' t' do, Ellen? I'd like t' know what yer a-goin' t' do? D' ye think ye kin take cah 'v yosel?" "Then I sez t' her: "Wa'al, mistus, I s'pects l kin. 'N' I s'pects I'll keep on a-slingin' pots an' kittles. reckon I kin do that jis' as well now that I'm sot free, as b'foh; and that's what I've been at fur back ez I kin recollec'-a-slingin' pots 'n' B'foh I could carry an iron pot I uster

"IN COMES MISTUS TISDALE." kitchen whah my ole mammy did de

an' hev a good nap.
"Wa'al, one foahnoon somebody comes into de kitchen an' tells me ez

hands. She kep' things up mighty well | first minute 't she was a-goin' to be

absout "Wa'al, thar wasn't much more said, wuz the las' I ever see of her. Yes, ma'am, they took her off to Georgy and we when I'd ask any uv the family about come bimeby, but Horace 'n I did n' be-

the world ever did become o' her."-Springfield Republican.

and comfortable. The floors were warmly carpeted. We had plenty to eat and plenty to wear. But we raised everything ourselves and made our own cloth. We had no money to go to the stores, even if we had been near any. and so we felt very, very poor. There were two things we were all fond of, and oh, how we longed for them, and how we wished we could afford them,

Here is an instance of a touching, al-though unbusinesslike, form of hero vorship: A distinguished landscape ainter once left his carpet slippers behind him in the humble village lodging where for three months he had lived and worked, and "won the secret of moor, and hill, and dale," and perpetuated it on canvas. His careful wife

dun you for that ten dollars you owe 'Oh, I wasn't thinking of that.

Grocer—Why, they pay their bills just as promptly as if they were living on a salary.—Detroit Tribune. What He Had Hoped. "Promises, like pie crust, were made to be broken," said the Summer Girl. when she broke the engagement. "Yes," said he, gloomily; "but in this case I had hoped the promise would be like some of the pastry at our board

First Boy—Which do you like best, your father or your mother? Second Boy—Well, I like my father best, mostly, but I like my mother best The Haughty Maiden at One End, the Poor Blind Man at the Other.

It takes all kinds of people to illi a sleeping car. Fortunately so, for otherwise what would relieve the tedium the steady, monotonous, onward rush of the train day and night? She was handsomely gowned, and looked as vigorous as if brought up on lawn tennis and rowing matches. Her

ting near, and this is what she said to

go alone. I must let him take this journey alone in his misery. Will you speak to him now and then?" The porter hurried her out the car.

ing as they have been, and are more like epaulets-particularly for evening gowns, where the lace that is not so "She was a wonderfully bright and distinct from the bertha, which falls her class, and the star scholar at gradwide over bosom and shoulders. It is untion. In fact, she never failed in

withstanding, there has never before been such sumptuousness und elegance of attire as has been seen there this year. -- Vogue. A fifteen-inch square of red cheese sloth with narrow, brierstitched hem and two strings of worsted braid sewed seross the one corner does not sound like anything remarkable, but when one learns it is to wrap up shoes or slippers for bag or trunk the full value of the notion appears. Shoes are the

"How can you say so, Josiah," re-torted Mrs. Chugwater, "when you was fixing to ask you to lend me an know that these china egg cups we're other ten."—Brooklyn Life. know that these china egg cups we're using with them were presented to us using with them were presented to us

> Cleveland Plain Dealer. -Many of the Hebrew wedding ringa were "tower rings." the set bearing the shape of a small tower in which was inclosed a slip of parchment contain-ing a prayer for the happiness of the "Paradise rings," representation of the Garden of P were much in use during the singent century as wedding rings. The Age of the Precedent

jerking him toward the shiewalk.
"you'll get run over! You're standing right in the middle of the street!"— baby was the least objectionable of

"Sam, can yer lend me a dollar that ger has no use fur?" said Jim Webster

see if he was awake or merely

tion. I like the window changed its quently. And, Poahtah, you must walk by every few minutes and see if we I give it to yer. I've always kind to my friends."—Texas Siftings

very important errand-one demanding the greatest scorecy. Say, Mr. Mrs. Youngma—And so my baby got the prize at the baby show? I know